

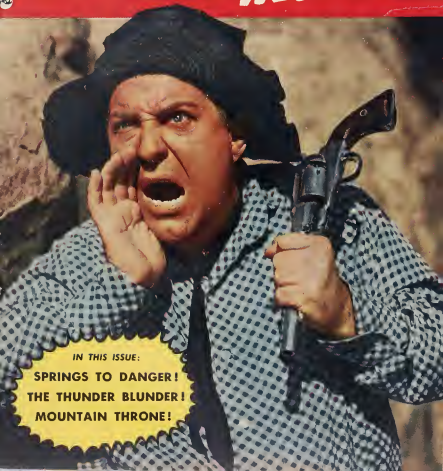
A Fawcett Publication

MAY

10¢

NO. 2

SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN



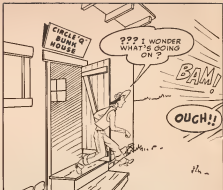
IN THIS ISSUE:

SPRINGS TO DANGER!
THE THUNDER BLUNDER!
MOUNTAIN THRONE!

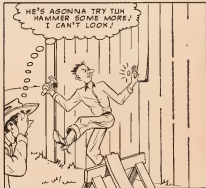
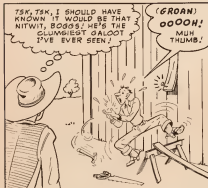
MUSTANG MACK



HAMMERS HOME A POINT!



OUCH!!





SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Executive Editor • Editor • Art Editor
WILL LIEBERSON • C. V. WOODS • AL JETTER

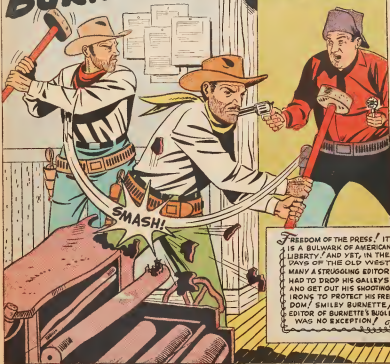
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

SMILEY BURNETTE Springs to DANGER



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EDITOR SMILEY BURNETTE PACES THE FLOOR, WORRY LINES CREASING HIS HANDSOME BROW!



IN THE OLD DAYS, EDITORS LIVED DANGEROUSLY, NEVER KNOWING WHEN AN ENEMY MIGHT STRIKE THEM FROM THE REAR!







NOW LET'S SEE! I'VE GOT TO HAVE THE BUGLE LIBEL SOMEBODY... HONEST TOM! HE'S A LAWYER, HE'S IMPORTANT AND HE'S THE BEST SHOT IN TOWN!



A LITTLE LATER...



WHEN HONEST TOM SEES THIS, HE'LL FILL SMILEY FULL OF LEAD!

HONEST TOM, HAVE YOU SEEN THE LATEST EDITION OF BURNETTE'S BUGLE?

NO! SOMETHING INTERESTING?



LOOK!



IN A RAGE, HONEST TOM GRABS HIS GUN BELT AND ...

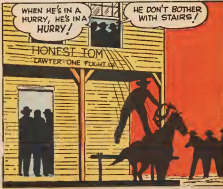
CAN WE TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOSS?

THIS IS PERSONAL! I'LL MAKE SMILEY LOOK LIKE SWISS CHEESE!



WHEN HE'S IN A HURRY, HE'S IN A HURRY!

HE DON'T BOTHER WITH STAIRS!



LIKE A MADMAN, THE LAWYER RIDES OVER TO SMILEY'S OFFICE...



MEANWHILE, UNWARE OF THE DANGER, SMILEY HAS ANOTHER PROBLEM!



CUSSED COMOTES, JUST WHEN I GET GOING ON MY EDITORIAL, I RUN OUT OF INK!

WELL, I'LL JUST FILL THE LITTLE BOTTLE FROM THE BIG BOTTLE!



OH-OH! HE'S SITTING ON A CHAIR THAT ISN'T THERE!

I'D BETTER SIT DOWN! MY HAND'LL BE STEADIER!



MORE TROUBLE! HONEST TOM ARRIVES!

TURN AROUND, YOU LIEB-SLINGING YARMINT, SO I CAN SHOOT YOU!













?!?!? QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4 CORRECT, GOOD -
3 CORRECT, FAIR - 2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. JOHN ADAMS, THE SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ONCE FOUGHT AS A MARINE.

TRUE ____ FALSE ____



2. A YEGGAMAN IS A BURGLAR.

TRUE ____ FALSE ____



3. GROVER CLEVELAND WAS THE 22ND AND 24TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

TRUE ____ FALSE ____



4. THE TREASURY BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WAS ONCE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

TRUE ____ FALSE ____



5. U.S. GRANT WAS THE 18TH PRESIDENT.

TRUE ____ FALSE ____



ANSWERS

1. TRUE. IN 1776. 2. TRUE. IN 1833. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. IN 1833. 5. TRUE.

RED EAGLE in KILLERS IN THE NIGHT!



DARKNESS HAS FALLEN OVER THE CAMP AND THE BRAVES HAVE NOT YET RETURNED FROM HUNTING IN THE HILLS, WHEN ---

RED EAGLE! MY LITTLE SON IS LOST! HE HAS STRAYED INTO THE FOREST!

THE FORESTS ARE FILLED WITH THE FIERCE TIMBER WOLVES THAT HAVE BEEN 'PLAGUING' US OF LATE!

PLEASE, RED EAGLE! YOU MUST DO SOMETHING!

STAY HERE, WHITE CLOUD! I'LL RETURN YOUR LITTLE ONE TO YOU!

RED EAGLE RACES INTO THE FOREST AND SOON HE STANDS IN THE DANGER-FILLED DARK--

THE WOLVES ARE ALL ABOUT ME. I CAN SEE THEIR EYES, WATCHING! NO SIGN OF THE CHILD! I PRAY I'LL NOT BE TOO LATE! THESE WOLVES ARE RAVENOUS!





I HAVE AN IDEA WHICH MAY WORK. YOU STAY HERE, LITTLE ONE, WHILE I WORK QUICKLY! FEAR NOT, I'LL NOT LEAVE YOU!



REMOVING HIS LARIAT FROM HIS BELT, RED EAGLE BEGINS TO COIL IT CAREFULLY UPON THE GROUND AND...

FIRST TO FASHION SOME CRUDE ROPE SNARES. I'LL NEED AS MANY AS I HAVE ROPE FOR!



AND NOW TO FIND A YOUNG SAPLING WITH LOTS OF SPRING! THIS ONE APPEARS JUST RIGHT!



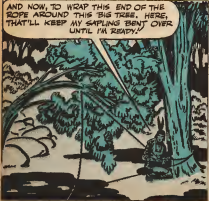
I'LL PULL IT TO THE GROUND LIKE THIS!



USING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH, RED EAGLE BENDS THE TOP OF THE SAPLING TO THE GROUND. TO THIS, HE TIES ONE END OF THE LARIAT.



AND NOW, TO WRAP THIS END OF THE ROPE AROUND THIS BIG TREE. HERE, THAT'LL KEEP MY SAPLING BENT OVER UNTIL I'M READY!



WE WILL WAIT OUT THE ATTACK OF THE WOLVES, LITTLE ONE! TRYING TO GO THROUGH THEM WOULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH!



AS RED EAGLE AND THE YOUNGSTER WAIT, THE WOLF PACK DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER, UNTIL---



MY PLAN HAD BETTER WORK OR WE WILL BOTH BE DONE FOR!



AS RED EAGLE'S TOMAHAWK CUTS THE ROPE HOLDING THE SAPLING BENT IN TWO, IT SPRINGS UP, INSTANTLY---



---YANKING TIGHT THE SNARES RED EAGLE HAD SET, JUST AS THE WOLF PACK RACES ACROSS THEM---



IT WORKED! THIS FOR YOU! GO JOIN YOUR EVIL BROTHERS IN DEATH!



THE FEW WOLVES NOT ENSNARED, RACE AWAY, AND AS DAWN BREAKS, RED EAGLE, THE YOUNG CHIEF, RETURNS TO CAMP WITH THE YOUNGSTER!

IN THE FOREST, BRAVES, YOU WILL FIND MANY WOLF PELTS HANGING. THEY ARE YOURS FOR THE FETCHING, AND HERE, WHITE CLOUD, IS YOUR SON!

HAIL TO RED EAGLE, OUR CHIEF!



SMILEY BURNETTE

and his

THUNDER BLUNDER



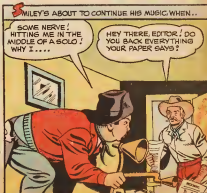
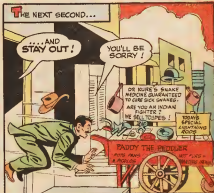
In Rock Head territory there's no one more daring than editor Smiley Burnette! In a desperate situation, everyone comments on his lightning reaction! But can even HE cope with the thunder of stampeding hoofs below, the thunder of thunder above? Or is he heading for the last roundup?

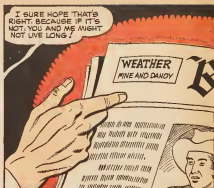
AFTER GETTING HIS NEWSPAPER TO PRESS, SMILEY BURNETTE RELAXES BY PLAYING HIS SMILEY-O-PHONE!

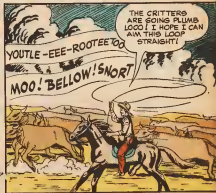
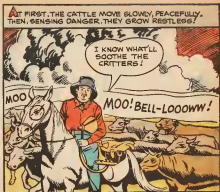


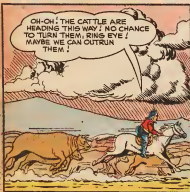
SUDDENLY, AN UNSEEN ASSAILANT STRIKES FROM THE REAR! IS IT AN OUTLAW?...OR A MUSIC CRITIC?











SMILEY SPARKLES LIKE A KING-SIZE LIGHTNING BUG. THE CATTLE, FRIGHTENED BY THE APPARITION, TURN BACK!



FOR A SECOND, RING EYE IS FROZEN BY SHOCK!

OOOH! I TICKLE ALL OVER! COME ON, RING EYE, LET'S GET!



SUDDENLY, RING EYE BUCKS!

HEY!!



LOOK! A GHOST RIDER IN THE SKY!



BUT SAM'S LAUGHTER IS CHOKED OFF AS HIS OWN HORSE STUMBLES—



MOST OF THE CATTLE HAVE QUIETED DOWN, BUT ONE BULLY BULL CHARGES SAM!

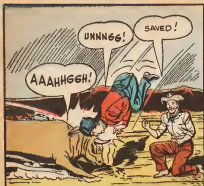
HELP!



DON'T WORRY, SAM! I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE OBITUARY WRITE-UP!

HE'LL KILL ME!







RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!

By Clement Good



I HEARD a noise that sounded like "Hissst!" Looking around the corner of the stable, I saw this fellow beckoning to me real secret like. He was the fellow who had the new Stetson and the new red shirt and the new levis and the new boots and the new spurs. They didn't have their store tags on them, but they looked as if they might as well have.

His name was Bertie Paddleford. I didn't know it then, but I found out later. I walked toward him and he grabbed my arm and pulled me around the corner where nobody could see us.

He looked this way and that, to make sure nobody was watching. Then he pulled out a five dollar bill and said, "Here's some easy money for you if you'll do me a little, tiny favor, Dude."

I didn't lasso that five spot right away like you might think I would. I have got to know these Eastern dudes pretty well, and sometimes their idea of a little, tiny favor is that you should break your neck.

First off, I might as well explain that my name hasn't always been Dude Davis. In the old days in the Old West I was Dare Devil Davis. With all modesty I may say there wasn't anybody that could bust an ornery mustang or bulldog an obstreperous longhorn any better than I could. I've got broken bones to prove it.

But the West isn't what it used to be. There's bob-wire every which way. And so, a few years ago, I took to this job of being nursemaid to a passel of city folks that want to make believe they are real rootin', tootin' cowpokes.

Sometimes they are called tenderfeet, but it's not their feet that's tender—it's what they sit on.

Anyway, a friend of mine started calling me Dude and because it riled me, all the boys began calling me that and the name stuck. I got used to it.

Well, anyway, that's enough about me, ex-

cept that I'm foreman of the Lazy Daisy ranch and I'm supposed to cater to the guests. If a guest wants to offer me an easy fiver for a little favor I'm willing, provided the favor is little enough.

I looked at Bertie Paddleford and said, "Waal, podnuh, whut kin I do for yuh?" (It's a rule of the place that I must talk like that to the guests.)

"Let me wear your medal," he said.

I reckon I've got 'most a million medals, but I knew which one he meant because it was the only one he'd seen. I won it in a rodeo and it says *The Champ Bronc Buster*.

"I'll let yuh wear it so long as yuh don't lose it," I said, "and there ain't no charge at all." But he insisted on paying, so I took the five. If I'd known how much trouble it would cause, I'd have charged a hundred, I guess.

While he was pinning the medal on his brand new shirt he said, "There's a certain young lady here that I want to impress. She is nuts about horses and if she thinks I'm a good rider maybe she will be nuts about me."

Well, his reasons were his business. I heard once that "all's fair in love and war." I figured this was probably love, but if the girl ever found out he had tricked her, it would turn into war. So, one way or another, it was fair.

I WENT on about my chores, but noticed that the young women were gathering around Bertie like flies around a molasses jar. And they were all exclaiming over his medal. And the other young fellows were looking pretty unhappy, as if they wished they had a medal too.

For awhile I was in the office doing some book work and the whole thing slipped my mind. Then I heard some loud shouts and yelling. I ran outside to see what was going on. I was just in time to see Black Cat taking off like a comet—and somebody in a new Stetson, new red shirt, new levis, new boots and new

spurs hanging onto his neck for dear life. Bertie!

"The darn fool! He'll be killed dead!" I hollered, forgetting in the excitement that I'm supposed to use nothing but Old West lingo in front of the guests.

Between shouts, I found out pretty quickly what had happened. Bertie and "his" medal had been taking the play away from all the other young fellows as far as the fillies were concerned. This irked them. One finally started goading Bertie. He said if Bertie was such a good rider he should ride Black Cat.

NOW, Black Cat is my own stallion. It's a rule that none of the guests should ever go near him. That's for their own protection. Black Cat is mean, sometimes even to me. I keep him mainly for rodeo work. When my rheumatiz lets up, I still ride the rodeo circuit sometimes. But with a stranger—namely Bertie—on his back, Black Cat had taken off for parts unknown.

I ran for the stable, but it still took me a little while to saddle up the second fastest horse and get going. By that time, Black Cat and Bertie had disappeared over a rise. I wanted to catch up with them while Bertie was still in one piece. I figured it was my fault for ever lending him the medal.

When we leaped the fence by the haystack, I still couldn't see Black Cat. We kept on upgrade and when I finally spotted him, my worse fears were realized. He was in the valley by the creek, grazing very peaceably. And he was riderless!

"Oh, my gosh!" I thought. "He ran under a low hanging limb and knocked that Bertie's head off!"

I grabbed Black Cat's bridle and talked to him soothingly. He came along like a lamb and all the way I kept my eye peeled for Bertie's body. I figured I'd at least get my medal off his chest before the coroner came to look at the remains. But I didn't see him.

Alongside of the haystack, I heard a sort of a muffled groan and saw a brand new boot with a brand new spur sticking out. I dismounted and grabbed ahold of it. Out came Bertie, covered with hay and no bones broken. Jumping the fence, Black Cat had pitched him

right into the haystack, luckily for him.

"Listen," said Bertie, brushing the hay off himself, "there's another fiver for you if you can calm down that horse so I can ride him back. And if you'll say nothing of this humiliating experience."

Black Cat had had his run and his fun. I knew if I kept talking to him, he'd ride back, peaceable like. So I was willing to help Bertie onto the saddle, though you can tell how much of a rider he was by the fact that he was getting ready to mount on the wrong side. Horses may be dumb animals, but they all know the wrong side.

I was steering Bertie around to the right side when he said, "You may think this is all pretty silly, but I want to make an impression on Betty Lou. She is the young woman I was telling you about. I want to ask her to be my wife, but she would never have me if she thought I was a faker. She says she is a marvelous rider, so I wanted her to think I was too. I must make her believe I won your medal, fair and square."

Naturally, I don't approve of faking. But it was none of my business. So I started boosting Bertie up onto Black Cat who was now, while I talked to him, gentle as a kitten.

Another part of the haystack started moving. Out came a young woman, with hair the same golden color as the hay. Her eyes were blazing.

"Betty Lou!" exclaimed Bertie, nearly falling out of the saddle.

"YES!" she said. "Don't you ever speak to me again, Bertie Paddleford! The very idea! Trying to fool me!"

"But what are you doing here?" he asked.

"When you started off on Black Cat, I mounted and came riding after you," she said. "I wanted to watch a champion horseman in action. But when we took the fence by the haystack, I—er—that is—uh—my mount threw me. So I heard everything!"

I heard later that they made up and are engaged to be married after all. I reckon Bertie Paddleford learned the same lesson that I learned long ago: A woman can fool a man, but a man is downright loco if he tries to for a gal!

THE END

SMILEY BURNETTE and the MOUNTAIN THRONE

I NOW PROCLAIM SMILEY BURNETTE, KING OF THE MOUNTAINS!

OUCH!

SMILEY BURNETTE, THAT LOVABLE, LAUGH-PROVOKING EDITOR OF ROCK HEAD TERRITORY'S ONLY NEWSPAPER, THE BURNETTE BUGLE, SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF PROCLAIMED KING OF A BAND OF WILD, GUN-TOTING CONBOYS! HIS REIGN IS NOT A PEACEFUL ONE AS HE RULES FROM THE **MOUNTAIN THRONE!**

AT THE OFFICE OF THE BURNETTE BUGLE IN ROCK HEAD TERRITORY...

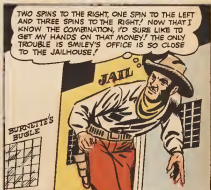
PUT DOWN THAT SMILEY-O-PHONE FOR A MINUTE, SMILEY BURNETTE, AND LISTEN TO ME! I WANT YUH TO DO ME A FAVOR! I'D LIKE YUH TO LET ME KEEP MY MONEY IN YORE SAFE!

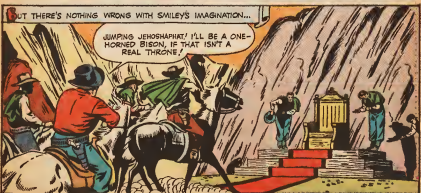
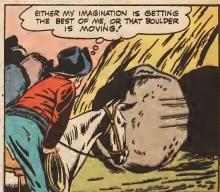
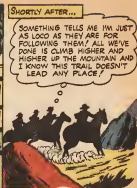
THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, COSGROVE, BUT WHY DON'T YUH PUT IT IN THE BANK? IT'LL BE A LOT SAFER!

OH NO IT WOULDN'T! IF AN OUTLAW WAS LOOKING FER MONEY THE FIRST PLACE HE'D GO WOULD BE THE BANK---

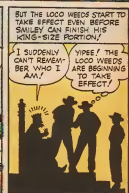
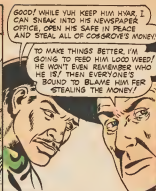
-- BUT NO ONE WOULD EVER THINK OF LOOKING FER MONEY IN A BROKEN-DOWN-LOOKING OFFICE LIKE THIS, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S RUN BY SUCH A LAZY HOMBRE LIKE YUHSELF!



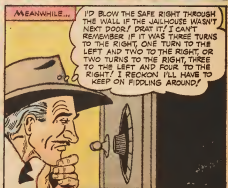
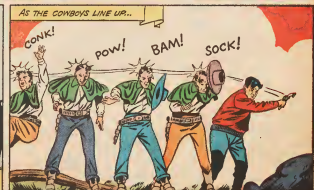
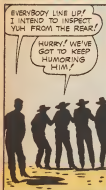
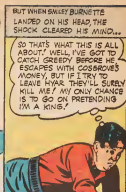
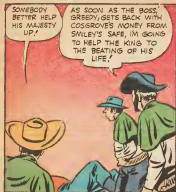


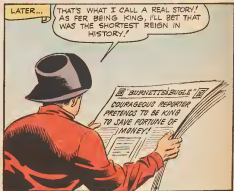












WESTERN QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4 CORRECT, GOOD -
3 CORRECT, FAIR - 2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. THE COWBOY BOOT HAS A HIGH HEEL TO MAKE THE COWBOY LOOK TALLER.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



2. THE HACKAMORE IS A BRAIDED RAWHIDE NOSE BAND USED BY COWBOYS IN BREAKING COLTS.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



4. DRY GULCH MEANS TO AMBUSH SOMEONE.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



5. TO HORN IN MEANS TO BUTT IN.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



3. SHOOTING IRON, LEAD PUSHER AND HARDWARE, ARE OTHER NAMES FOR A GUN.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



ANSWERS

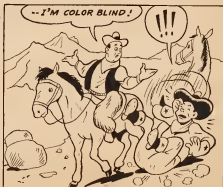
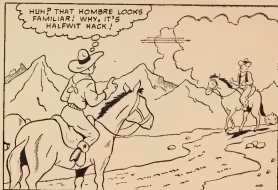
1. FALSE. SO HE CAN DIS HIS HEELS INTO THE GROUND WHEN HE LASSES A COW OR A HORSE!
2. TRUE.
3. TRUE.
4. TRUE.
5. TRUE.

HALFWIT



HACK

NAME UNCONSCIOUS





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THE TEEN TITANS

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